Anthony Carl Tonies
800 Highland Avenue
Albany, Georgia 31701

2/24/89

Dear Kenny.

Well first of all you surprised me first thing this morning with a wake up call. Which just made the day seem so much brighter. My heart was warm, just thinking about you. Then I started missing you as badly as ever. Shit! Why can't we be together! Why are there always obstacles in our way! It was cold as a motherfucker this morning. The wind blew through me like blades of ice. I was o.k. once I got to work.

Later on in the afternoon I got the good news I had been waiting on all day. I call Ms. Bird, the Lady that rents the apartments on Whitney that I like so much. She said she didn't put the apartment up for rent but that I could get it on Saturday. So after I go to visit a dear friend in the morning I'm going to take her the money. This is a real start for me and hopefully its a sign of things to come. I'm determined to chisel out a niche in the middle of this society - straight to the core of all of this wretched town.

But most of all, I look forward to sharing my life with a young man I care for very dearly. Watching us grow and become more and more in tune with each other and the world around us. That young man is U - Kenny Hammond

Love Carl

Saturday
2/25/88

Today was a strange day for me. I was surprised and glad to see you looking as well today. A fresh haircut looks no damn good on you. My heart skipped a little as you approached the window. "What a handsome young man," I thought, as you sat in the chair. Just tripping. I wasn't happy the time when I left you. I mean the first time, I was elated; overjoyed even. I had proven something to us both that I shouldn't have had to. I mean you and I both know how I feel about jails and people in them. And we both know that we care for each other deeply. But why did I feel the need to come and see you? Well, over and done now. "Never say what you will not do". Lesson learned.

The feeling I felt today, after having visited you, was more or less like a sigh of relief. I was happy that I had come and was leaving. The walls and bars were getting to me on the outside. The fear that I have is that I might be loosing you to a state of mind brought on by incarceration. You want me to explain right. First of all, being locked up is probably the worst thing in the world to me, with being raped coming in a close second. It forces you to either retreat somewhere central in the vortex of the brain and core of the soul to find restitute or play the pill or be killed game with the

rest of the assholes. The only rules that apply are those or force. How can someone come out that type situation and care for another human being, especially a man. Or maybe I'm failing to see the flip side of coin. That I will not even try and write about. Maybe one day we'll talk about it. Debate even. I have a very intense headache at the moment. Feels like a spike in my head from temple to temple. I took 2 aspirin, 1 tylenol and a button. Still relief in plan process. Of course, what I'm doing is judging you by way of myself. I would lose it. Being surrounded by a bunch of men behaving like animals no freedom would probably devastate me. And you and I have different ways of dealing with most of life's situations. But it doesn't stop me from worrying about you.

Karl

Sunday
2/26/87

Today has feeling in sync with nature. Its gloomy outside and so am I. There's one slightly different thing about me today. I'm high on a high note floating. I feel like I might burst with passion. I guess it has to do with our conversation on the phone today. I really wanted to go for it, but I figured that would do neither one of us any good. My thoughts will be on you constantly today.

I am greatly anticipating your departure from that wretched place. I mean it seems as if I might try something rash. I've never felt so helpless before in my life. I have needed you countless numbers of times and you aren't there. Nothing like this. My whole body reeks of passion; my heart mind and soul have an insatiable taste for your presence.

Kal

Dear Kenny, 2/27/89

Happy Birthday!

My dearest friend, confidant and lover
I hope that this day is a happy one for you.
Of course it saddens me too that we couldn't
be together on this day, but we have the rest
of time to catch up on all the special times
we've missed not being together these past months.
The apartment has me so elated! I really
like the place a whole lot. I can see it coming
to life just like I want it to. In time it will
be another one of my creations.

They finally sent some one to
turn on the utility. It feels a lot better in here
now. Shit! I might even spend the night in here
tonight for P.R. I can't wait until you see it, it
is good to be true. Thinking of you.

Love Carl

Dear Kenny, 2/28/89

It's damp cold and raining outside today. I guess that effs him my behavior now. I'm feeling like a wet sock. Soaked through and limp. My cousin have swollen again and they're not making matters any better. And on top of all this I'm sleepy as Hell.

Dear Kenny, 3/03/89

I'm sitting in the apt. waiting to go out and catch the bus. The solitude is nice, but when you're here - we're together again I'm sure it will be much nicer. Goodness I'm miss you. Well I'm getting a little anxious so I'll end. Love you

Karl

Dear Kenny, 3/06/89

I originally started writing the things that were going on with the apt. so you could share in my happiness. I see no reason that you should miss out on all the excitement because you're not here.

Sat., Bobby came over to help me move. We managed to get one load here then we headed for the flea market. We looked all over that place, after I bought countless number of nick

knacks, I found, well Bobby found me a stove and refrigerator. For only $65. The stove has 2 ovens - a double oven deal. I mean, the Lord had to be watching out for me. I couldn't have gotten a better deal anywhere. We rushed back to my moms and got my dad to take me back in the truck to pick them up. The pencils are breaking up. Anyway we got them loaded tied down and back here. We caught hell getting them up the front stairs. Bobby and I were so tired. I swear I was just out of it. afterwards. We made a quick run by the Grocery store, and a stop by Kentucky Fried and back here again. Bobby went home and I stayed and cleaned up the refrigerator. I was here until Daniel came by @ about 11:25. We ended up @ the F Club. It was packed! Nothing but kids for the most part. But it reminded me of things that happened this weekend. It also reiterated how much I really miss and need you. I've told myself that there isn't any reason for me to sleep with anyone else besides you. In reality that's exactly right. Yet my desire is high. I'm getting weaker everyday. I find it hard to believe that I've gone this long - but why is so hard for me now - I've did without for longer periods of time? I think it's because word on the street is that we no longer together and you're locked up. So all those who want to know what's up with me are knocking on the door.

1400
12
3200
6000
19,200

For instance, the guy that Dennis brought out to James house. ~~when~~ The same one that was locked up with you a couple of days. Evidently you and he talked quite a bit. He knew where I worked and came by Queens Sat. night to see me. He told me about seeing you, ~~and~~ he had to make me know who he was. Then he went on to tell me where he met me and so on and on. When I told him he was right, but had me confussed with James he thought I was trying to say I didn't know him. He told me "I know you". He was right, he just thought it was my apt. and car. After we got that together he was a little less paranoid. He said he wanted to make sure he dropped by to see that I was who he remembered. He said that he would never forget me. I bought him a beer and we talked some more. Then he made a strange statement to me @ the time. He said the reason he would never forget me is because I'm so ~~unique~~ unique. Or as he says it "phrique" "After you there's me". "I'm not exactly on your level - but after you, there's me. It took me a while to get it, but I did. He sat @ the bar and got his self so hot looking in my eyes and after I started asking about you he took his beer and left. As he went out the door he made this statement that he would be coming back soon.

That was something for me to think about. I thought that he was only interested in you. He could still be. But I didn't like what he came to do. I think I caught him off guard and was shooting the shit to him to quick for him to respond any other way. Devon is another one that has tried since he came from downtown, to test the waters. Sat. he asked when were we going to get together. He said he's been giving me the eye forever and I would not respond. What the fuck is going on? Well I've tried to keep it a secret that I'm staying here. That should last about 2-3 weeks @ the most. But even when it's out my door is going to be closed to anyone expecting more than a social visit. I hope I can hold out. God knows I love you but my conscious keep telling me to get some relief from the stress and strain of everyday life. Whatever happens I hope you have the understanding to know why I did what I did, if I do anything and the trust to believe me when I tell you things. I have made it a point to base our relationship on honesty. I have never lied to you. I hope I never will.

Carl

3/15/89

It's late and I know I should be in bed. I don't have to be to work until 12:00 tomorrow, and I took a nap after work so I guess it's O.K. The reason I'm up is I'm totally restless. This weekend proved to be a really nice one. I met new people that could prove to be good friends and got a lot done here in the house. I am absolutely in love with this place and the solitude is proving to be as wonderful as it seemed to me. This apartment seems to be in tune with me. We're a lot alike. We both have so damn much potential, it's just going to take us both working together to bring out the best in the other. The soul of this place is reaching out to my soul. And together this place and I will go places. I'm really @ a difficult point, but a very challenging point in life. I have so many possibilities @ my fingertips, but not enough gall to manipulate all of them. I'm 24 yrs. old and I feel like if I don't swing things this yr., then all will be lost. My life has got to come more than what it is. What is life without hopes, dreams and aspirations? What is life if you don't worry yourself to death about

getting the things you think deserve out of it. Lately it seems I've been so honest with myself it scary. I know now it's the only way, I can be honest with myself, go right to my feelings, deal with what's going on and get on the road to handling the situation. It's a real trip to me these days, I mean everything has just got me bugging!

Dear Kenny,

March 19

I worked tonight, it was very slow and I was sleepy as hell. It was very boring. I caught a cab and got downtown. It was pretty dead - I did get a chance to talk to Stephen for a short time and gave me a ride home. Or shall we say around the corner. So now I going to smoke me a joint and make this letter a real one.

Facing the pain is the first step in getting over the hurt -

Aug 5, 1926

As it seems, ~~the~~ I may be
denied ever knowing Love. As to
why, I shall never know the answer
nor do I think I want to. I shall
consider it my Cross to bear

Dear Me, So much is occurring, so fast in my life. Things had come to an almost standstill, but with the summer heat new adventure have come along as well.

I've awaken to find out that a life is that one high to another has played for me. I'm pledging to take charge of my life from this point on. I have to get to the point in life I feel I should be. I must be totally independent. I have debts that need to be taken care of first. Then there is my schooling and my job, that are my first priorities. Because they will make everything else possible. Then there are things that I feel obligated to do for my Mother & who has been left with the responsibilities of 3 beautiful little girls to take care of when nearly all of her children are grown or shall we say ("adults"). I'm determined to take care of all these things and move out of my mothers

Your Pro. Recd

course. As to how long it will take, I'm giving myself until the first of the year. Hopefully it will not take that long.

★ On August 14th 1986 (Thursday) I met Daniel Proctor. He has thrilled me every since. He's just out of prison, and I don't give a damn. I'm scared, but I like Mr. Proctor. That night was one truly romantic. We parked talked tenderly caressed, kissed, and went home horny.

Dear Me,

Friday
Aug 22

It seems lately that I have developed quite a gathering of friends and aquaintances all of whom like to spend time with me and I with them, but that always seems impossible. With school and work, I'm finding it very hard to find time and place free of charge to spend time with them. The longer I stay here the more and more I need my own place. Some way Some how I'm going to get just that. A place all my own. It will would solve quite a few of my problems. Determination is what I need and what I shall try to have.

Carl

Dear Mr

It seems lately that I have developed quite a gathering of friends and acquaintances of whom I like to spend time with me and I with them, but that always seems impossible. With people and work. In finding it very hard to find time and a place free of charge to spend time with them. The longer I stay here the more and more I feel my own place. Some way I have been in going to get just that. A place all my own. It will would make quite a year of my problems. Determination is what I need and what I shall try to have.

Carl

Aug 25 "86"

Looking back on events that have taken place in my home since my return, I'm quite surprised. My bitter sweet platonic romance with James Fisher, the menage-a-trois between Kenny ("Ken"), James ("Bubba") and I, and all the guys here that have excited me to the point of giving in, and allowing myself to say yes. The ones I turned down for various and assundery reasons. The ones I wished would have asked and those I'm still hoping will ask. All are a part of a time in my life that is now and is going to me. After being away for 8 years in a city where it was possible to live and work and shop among people who all share something in common (being gay) and not kidding it, it's a little funny to deal with the lie and confinement here. Wandering and confused souls, tormented by tremendous social pressures. Unwilling and unsure about a life that satisfies but leaves

such miseries. Do I, or can I blame them? That is a question I think on often, and most times the answer is no. Call me the kind hearted militant Bitch. I have learned to enjoy the people I'm with and each one has had something other than the sex to give me. A thought a dream and even some inspiration. Dealing with life in an uptight but highly active city. That is all that I am doing

After Kenny my heart was in tatters frail to the touch, so I became calm to feeling that would do anything to get at that part of me. Then on August 14, 1986 a young man (Daniel Proctor) crept into my life and upset all the careful emotional ties and strings I was using to protect my heart. I didn't know he would do so until Sunday (aug 24) that he would be the one to do so. We spent a night together (actually a couple of hours) laughing, talking sharing with each other verbally our likes, dislikes loves

and later and the beauty in the whole thing enveloped us so intensely and so wonderfully it left me wanting more.

Carl

Daniel

Wandering through streets you
seek yet never find
Name yet knowing, like a child
hardly ever showing
Consumed by the passion too,
You give unabandonedly
Confidentals, the word now
spoken
Cradle, protected, possessed even,
You feel safe, satisfied
Explain, no need to
Conversation, complement, confession,
You retreat

Aug 25, 86

Dad
April

Dear Me, Aug 25, 86

Yesterday I talked to my new found friend "Daniel" Proctor and lonely and afraid I said something to him out of self pity and selfishness. I am part afraid that I may not be able to resume the only kind of relationship that would work for us. Sometimes saying exactly what's on one's mind is not the right thing to do. Unfortunately I have not learned that yet. I'm in a running out and I have yet to get my priorities in order. Sometimes my need to share the experience of Love overpowers me so, that my thinking leaves the realm of reality and facts and enters a world of idealism, romance and sugar coated lies. I can only draw out one conclusion to draw from this. My life may very well be one of a Continuous search for that

which ~~is it~~ is predestined not to be mine. If that be so, will I be a better and lonely person as my years of living increase and my potential for being decrease. So very many questions I ask, where lie the answers?

1:??am

Aug 31 1986
early sunday

Dear Me,

I thought when I came back home that this would be a chill out period in my life. But I shouldve known myself better. It doesn't matter where I am I will always run into people who are much like myself, ready to party and hard, at the drop of a hat. At least I can say Im learning to do that at my own pace. Sometimes ..../---
....

Over the past few years I've gone through a somewhat metamorphism and as I reflect on the old me and the new me I laugh. I laugh because, Im basically the same person. Of course Ive grown physically and mentally but the heart and soul are the same.

My mind now turns to David Proctor, a beautiful young man confused and lost in an unfair world... David, wherever you are, youre in my thoughts and

prayers. Whatever you may find in life, may it be what you truly want. May God forever embrace you in his loving arms. I love you

Carl

September 7, 1986

Well this quarter is almost at an end and I'm out of the classes I have to fuck up terrible in 3 of them. The summer (extremely hot one) brought out passion in me that had to be satisfied and that same passion is what has made me respect my studies. ☺

Carl

Dear Me,

Oct 16, 1986

There are a lot of things to be said about life in a small town. I'm one to have a lot to say about it too. I've been back in Albany for a little over a year, and it's been one learning experience. I've enjoyed the affairs I've had here a lot more than most I've had in Atlanta. I've done things in bed here that never happen anywhere else. The guys here want to experience the "love of themselves", but they want everything undercover, not seen or discussed. They react harshly under social pressure. Their desires are strong, and are usually particular about what they want to do in bed and how they want it done.

Sept 1784

One heartache after the other. Year after year, month after month, day after day, in this merry go round of life. Always in pursuit of Love always hoping, trying never to be discouraged always saying it's just life. Well life is about to get the best of me. You give it your all but each new hurt hardens you a little. You try and keep an open mind about everything in order to ~~find~~ maximize your chances of finding love. You set standards and you have morals, but in desperation and impulse brought on by smooth talkers you lower them. Optimistic you are always, but your faith is being tested. You pray and tell God you're not asking but you really are, you cry and your throat clogs, hoping for a way out or something. You tell yourself it's because of where you are, but you know better, you've been there too. What's left? Have time a change of lifestyle; you laugh,

Sept 19th

One hundred after
after, door after door, mouth
after mouth, day after day in
this misery of mouth of hell.

there's no such thing. You've never none anything but the warmth of a man's body. You reveal in misery, there's nothing else left. You can't miss what you never had, they say. But they've had, how would they know. You won't cry until the heart lulls you off to sleep, or reality sets in and you realize, suffering from lack of anything is part of the human condition.

matron.

Dear Me,

Sept. 30, 86

The wind seems to have Changed direction. No longer am I on the search for a Mate. I just woke up and decided to save myself some some pain. So in deciding this I have established a repertoire of about 3-4 guys whom I enjoy sexually. Some mentally and a couple mentally and sexually. I spend time with them by days, weeks, and the month, it varies. But I care for each one, but not one has my undying Love. That will just happen one day - I hope! So for now I will leave on the I dyke again, until then, whenever that may be.

Dear Mr.

Dear Me,

October 14, 86

My Collective Spirit seems to have eluded me all week long. That that is a part of my abilities to learn from past experiences and new ones. My "flow" is no longer with me, so at a very low ebb in life at the time. Maybe I need to read a really good book.

Dear Me,

November 3, 1986

I'm at a another fuck up point in my life - So what else is new. I've totaled my car a week before Halloween, had to pay out $865.00 for driving without car insurance and 3 months license suspension. Without a car after having one is worst than never having one. The wreck wasn't my fault, so that was in my favor. The insurance company should pay off soon. The 3 months or however long I'll be without a car should give me some time to get myself together and shoot straight. That pretty much assesses the situation.

Until recently I thought I had my life in a pretty good perspective. I knew that ultimately I wanted an apartment, more schooling, and a lover. Not necessarily in that order. But know I'm not so sure. My thoughts on Love have been eluding the more serious side of my psyche. I've been making due on the borrowed affection of an established repertoire of 3 or 4 guys. Because I had a car to get around the whole City and rip 3 rows and do just as I pleased. Know I don't know what I will do.

Sunday
Nov. 16, 1986

Dear Father,

Today has been a relaxed day around the house for me. I've been sorta cooling out. That's something I need to do more often. Lately my body has been exhausted, working two jobs and going to school is wearing me down, but I'm a born fighter and I can take it. Ambitiously spirited is what I like to think of myself. My new job at Belk's is just what I've been writing on - Visual Merchandising. It's great - a challenge, a chance to be creative - and I love it!!! I've managed to get to know some great people in my line of work that have helped me to do so many good things for my career. I think they have some type of inner artistic sense of smell that all artist use to recognize each other. The feeling is great and I am enjoying myself and my work. So that part of my life is getting better - career and schooling.

Then there is the other part of the law - relationships. My close friends and Lovers. As for close

I have none here in Albany. A few well one who has good intentions but is so damn typical in his outlook that it keeps me from getting closer. But there there Daniel Shorter - the Love of my life. My sweet gentle lamb, my knight in shinning armor, my shepard, my lover and confidant.

Nov 26 86

Sitting here fucked up!!

Smoked a good joint in my room, burning incense (opium) to kill the smell man this is some fucking killer weed. Not the best, but shit - its got me feeling like I could have anything, be whatever I want. I wanna dance, that's all I ever want to do when I'm fucked up like this. Dance, dance, feel the music, dance, feel my body, the passion inside about to fucking rip me apart - shit I wanna take some of these clothes off ——— ——— put on some more ——— bugging out know — put some shit together - what an out fit - tripping know ——— carring hot! I'll wear this shit out this weekend

12/9/86

Yesterday was a day I will remember for the rest of my life. I lost someone I held dear to my heart to his own insecurities and jealousies. Daniel Proctor, the guy who has succeeded in making me happier than anyone else in my entire life. Right now he's in a state of limbo - I feel the pain of last night when I realized that out of all the fighting I've done to keep from feeling my need to be Loved was in vain. I slipped and abandoned my guard and fell in Love & that's exactly what happened. When I realized what had happened, it was too late they had already arrived - the tears, the pain, the sense of loss and of woe. - the sisters of suffering. Welcome home - they're always with me, they've been sleeping for awhile, but they're awake now. No need to try and figure out what went wrong or why something always seems to go wrong in my relationships. It always does so I'm used to this misery inside and I should

15/9/18

Of nothing could be better on the outside. As I sit here and look and myself in the mirror, I see, me . . . Plain, expressionless. While my insides are notted so intensely that it almost if I have nothing inside - no line, no vein or artery, no lump - just like a hole - a shell. I will probably go on like this until the pain begins to lessen up and the knots loosen up and the tears will be able to flow again. That will be a comfort to know that I'm human again.

Dear Me, Dec 15, 86

Well they finally came again, I think it was that very night of my last entry. It's funny how you never realize how much you care for a person until you loose them or they fuck up and slap you in the face with emotion they have no when close to the ones you feel for them. There's no turning back now, I would give it a second chance, but my pride is fucking ass. I'm trying very hard to keep the faith, but every day it gets harder and harder. I think now is the right time to get back to more important things like my family. My sister Tobie called today - she's living in North Carolina running a pool room with some guy. I guess her maternal instincts and callings are blooming at this time of year - not to mention her last born's Birthday (Eydie). It was good to here from her. I prayed she'll make it home for Christmas.

December 30, 1986,

Well

Christmas has come and gone, and I think, well I know everybody here had a nice one. Seeing the kids having fun with their stuff was enough to make me appreciate having lived to see them and my 2nd Christmas with my family.

Family - a word with meaning and depth. A word that needs to be reiterated on - the importance of having - purpose of being. There needs to always be a gathering - and a passing of emotion, food and good for the family at this time of the year. So that all things ill remembered between family can be forgotten and learned and learned from, and all things beautiful and new that strengthen mind, body and soul can grow up closer together. And that is what I hope for each year - for a closer united family.

Carl

artystown

E/30/86
7/1/86

Dear Father,

Things are finally beginning to take shape in this uptight city that we live in. I am finally working somewhere I feel comfortable (in a restaurant). The money is good and the people for the most part are easy to get along with. This job is helping me get on my feet again. Of course it will take time to get to where I was about 2½ yrs. ago, but if I and all everything will be O.K. There are a few things that I wish to get accomplished my next quater in school, and the job can make them possible and/or hinder them. It will be totaly in my hands the direction that I let them go. I'm trying to restore myself to grace. Right now it is very important to me to become independent again. Being here makes that all the more important.

My family has always been important to me, but now more so than ever. I'm here, at home, with

them, and I see all that goes on. I hear their gripes and grievances. I know what makes them laugh and what makes them cry. Yet I never really noticed how selfish a person I was until recently. It greatly upset me to realize just how selfish I am. I'm working on that and several other things as well. I can come to grips with my faults and try and meet them head on and try and improve on them. At my age I don't expect to be able to totally rid myself of them.

Lately I've noticed what a great urge I have to be wealthy. I refuse to let that make me unhappy or a work-a-holic trying to achieve what seems to be the impossible. However I will never loose faith in myself. I believe that I will leave this earth giving to humanity words to nourish the soul and thoughts and ideas of love, hope and peace to last throughout time.

I am ...

Dear Father, Aug 5, 1986

As the year grows older, and my thoughts and ideas on life grow truer so does my curiosity. Or is that what I should call it? There is something inside of me leading me to believe that somewhere there's a place for me, a time. My lifeforce is flowing a life I've not seen before. I'm different, in so many ways other than just sexually. My state of mind, my vision, my speech. What is to become of me? Am I wrong to assume that I have a right to question you? Or should my faith in you lead me on to my destiny? The way seems hard yet so simple. I do college, and in my way I do what I feel is right, but I'm so self centered and concerned with self. Have I a right to think so much of me, should I concern myself more with those around me? Or am I doing OK.? The answers I [redacted] have, but why don't I see them. Stay near and hear me, it all I can ask.

Dear Father, July 3

I think I have realize why so many people have so much pain and unhappiness in their lives. It just came to me all at once. The little things that we do, that mean absolutely nothing to us, but always end up hurting someone else. Things done out of weakness of and for the flesh. We as people (humanely) should do things for reasons that Christ true meaning, or are mutually gratifying and beneficial to more than self. When we continuously do things for reasons that please self and self-alone, it when we begin to catch hard times somewhere along down the road. If in your life you cannot help someone along the way then your living has been in vain.

On Sunday 11:10 pm
October 11, 1987

Last night I crossed another bridge in life. A bridge I've crossed before, but this time I came out the winner. Excuse me, that ~~sounded trite~~ such a juvenile term to describe the crossing of one life bridge. Let's say I crossed over with a feeling of self satisfaction with my surprised maturity. The thing that shocked me most is that I was given some help by the man I Love. Kenneth Hammonds (Hamm) is that man. For almost 2yrs now I've endured a never ending battle with conflicting emotions. Such intense emotion that I thought that I might not make it through. But I have. I've lost a lot of valuable time to this rather precarious situation, time that could have been directed towards something more productive. Yet the experience's bitterness has given me a chance to grow. It has broaden my vision - my sense of perception and it's been rewarding in so many ways. The thing that has kept me sane is my having the chance to see someone whom I thought I'd never really know grow, and give my piece of his heart in order to try and Love again.

October 12, '87

Friends — what exactly is a friend? How does one define the word? The word is defined in different ways, by many different people. Its definition to me is ever changing. I'm always redefining and reiterating the meaning and constitution of this word. I have found that in this city, it's hard to have any. Everytime I think I have a true friend, I find out this is not so. Nonetheless, I press on treating them no differently than before. X

When I think of Rim, it's always with longing, for his body, love, understanding, sex, gentleness and insight.
His breed is so rare - not many excite me so totally as he.

Tuesday
~~Monday~~ 12:20 am
October 13, 1987

Having had a pleasant last week, I started this week with an almost glow of contentment. Then all of a sudden it hit me like a hunters bullet in the snout of a wild boar. The so called glow was there, but it was exactly what I said "contentment. Which to me is temporary. Not lasting. My heart and mind have finally come together on this matter that has affected me for the last 2 yrs. The matter at hand is Kenny. I know realize and accept the fact that I do Love him deeply, but I must give us both more space than we allow ourselves. At present, as has been in the past, it's been and uneasy and uneven road we've been traveling. With me taking most of the bumps. It has been a mutually bruising relationship in some ways, but not in the ways it should have been. While he may have endured pain in previous relationships I find that no reason to punish me, nor to deny me the Love I feel I deserve - that Love, that I can return. I have been patient and I've gotten weary but never have I given up hope. The blame is something that has not exist. There are only circumstances that have led me to this. Sometimes I go ~~without~~ months without ever knowing

Kenny alive. I usually don't question him much about what he's been doing during those periods. Yet I know exactly what he's done. I'm sure he knows that I'm a very logical person and if I can help it I've learned not to wait around for his arrival. I truly wish sometimes that I could just pull back the skin from my body and just show Kenny how much Love I have inside for him. Somehow saying isn't enough, so I thought that could be one of my alternatives.

In his eyes I see nothing, and I see a wall of warmth and wonderment
In his touch there is ice, and a passionate fire
In his kiss there is a will seeking to take and devour, and a shadow seek to give ~~and~~ unabashedly
In his mind I see extremes of both magnitude
In his a storm brews, carefully built up over the years to cast a ~~facade~~ shroud of mystery ~~around them~~ over the mind of those who peer at him from the outside in.

October 2088

Today brought about some good news. I think I shall finally get the chance to go and visit my oldest and dearest friend in Wash D.C. (Libby). I've been planning to take this much needed trip for months now, but it's never taken place. Finally it seems it may take place. Thanks to a very dear friend Mike. So it looks like we may blast the city away for Halloween.

There is something on my mind that has traveled the living shit out of me for the last couple of hours. That is, ever since I've been out in life and doing the "dating game", something strange has been going on. It seems that quite a few people that I considered my friends have been sleeping with people that I was involved with or that they knew I had an interest in. As if though it were a competition or something. Maybe it's the fact that when it comes to men I'm rather naive. Yet I've examined this whole situation carefully and there's something in the whole predicament that perplexes me. Some, I know were not directly my

my friends and did it to be treacherous, others
were and still are quite close to me
and still behaved that way. What were
they out to prove? God knows I wish
I knew. The whole situation has shown
me that I place friendship at a much
higher regard than I do a sexual one.
I do desire heavily a sexual relationship,
but I do not let it interfer with that of
my friends - well I try. I think if I
could have true friends and find
a safe partner whenever I felt the need
for sex, then that would be ideal and
there be all of things just don't exist
in this day and age. I've spent a
little over 2 yrs. back here in my
home town and I've been used and
manipulated more times than I even
care to admit. So therefore I've become
so untrusty of people. I have not yet
given up hope, but I am weary of
most people. I've learned to take
advantage of people's kindness, which
I am sure to regret that I ever
did -

There is a young man by the name
of Kenneth (Kenny) Hammonds (Hamm)
whom I've been involved with sexually

~~Stay~~ almost the entire 2 yrs I've been back in this damn town. When first we met it was lust at first sight. I was introduced to him by a "friend", whom he was involved with at the time. The relationship was up for grabs at the time but they were working on a rival. How the hell was I supposed to know. I was drawn into a somewhat psychotic type of menage-a-trois. The relationship left us all casualties of which I was the most seriously wounded. I had fallen deeply in Love and was confused at the relationship that Kenny and James shared of which I knew nothing. It was devasting news when I found out. Yet I never gave up on him. As time went on they grew apart and I saw less of them both. Then ~~B~~ the fire spared again and Kenny and I saw more ther less of each other. Always getting together for sex. This has continued until now. I saw him out this past Saturday with Jose a fellow student at Tech. ~~Jo~~ Jose and I started out being friends then we

ended up being rivals. He let jealousy for my skills and artform pollute his feelings about me. That night I decided that was it, I could take no more. See now as I look back over the years and see all the ways we both fucked up - I see it was a waste. We could have had something beautiful but we let the fear of falling in Love keep us from being Lovers.

1:36

November 12, 87

Lately I've noticed some things about myself that have not been as apparent to me before. It seems that I'm constantly in a state of transition, from clear level head realist, to emotional wrought and confused nympho. This scares me! But I've really been out of touch with my inner self for quite some time, and my making attempts to get back to me is making things a lot easier. Opening up to me and exposing all thoughts, no matter how idealistic or how appying they are not taken a toll on me.

Recently I took my vacation (finally) to see my best friend LeRoy. I was so happy to see so much of this country (Miki + I drove). I truly enjoyed seeing the little I did see. I was surprised at how pretty it was. But as usual in the midst of having fun the smoke clears and then staring you in the face in fate. As fate would have it LeRoy gave me some very disturbing news. He is believed to be a victim of Aids.

10:24
November 11, 87

I guess my reaction was thrown off by the fact that I was so glad to be out of Albany. And having never been to D.C. the excitement of everything put off what I feared would be true. Teddy was here on the weekend of the 9th and 10th. It was then that he told me that he had been ill and decided to go to the doctor here. Well it seems both test were positive. I at first drilled him, as to the nature of conversation with the doctor and so on. But it seem that he knew none, and does feel like they were correct. I cried, at first trying to hide the tears. But they blobbly rolled down my cheeks, like streams of molten lava. Then they were joined by those of his own. So many things rolled through my mind. How, why, when, where, Etc. How can I turn this situation around, how can I benefit from it? Some of the things I felt were pure grief over the possibility of the loss of the greatest friend I've ever had. Others greatly disturbed me that I could even think of them at such a tender

moment between intimate friends. Yet I still have had time to really think over what's next. I do know that I want to be with him through it all no matter what. For never in all my life have I loved and trusted anyone ass much as I have LeRoy. We've come so far together.

Dear Me, 11/19/87

I'm mad, I'm mad as hell!!! I'm mad at my job, mad at my boss, mad at management, mad at riding my bycycle. I'm mad at my baby brother for being himself, mad at my middle brother, mad at my kid brother for being himself, mad at my oldest brother for being himself I'm mad as hell.

I kinda had a bad day at work today and it has thrown my whole outlook on things off by about 10 yrs. I mean I was "mad" when I left work today. It's so funny how you can realize things about people and never address the issues. I was confronted with 2 prejudice bitches today. Both of whom I could have killed given the chance. I'm really tired of the bullshit that goes on at Bell's. But I think I can handle the situation but if not I guess I'll be out there in the job market again. If I can just get through this fuckin Christmas season I'll be just fine.

Turn around, turn around and see what life wants of me
Confused, angry, and upset
Why would you force me to live a lie?

12/13/81

Dear Father,

I ask of you, at this point I will beg. Watch over my sister in this tortured world we live in. I pray that she's safe and Loved wherever she may be.

I'm undergoing another state of change - that seems to be the norm with me. Each time it seems I push myself farther and further out there, as if I'm pushing towards something larger. But what? That is a question I don't have an answer for. It is also a question that I fear and welcome.

December 21st 1981 early Monday morn 3:14

Today was another lazy Sunday for me but the night brought little drops of intrigue and joy. Michelle got back into town today. She girl looks great! She's really enjoying military life. I'm glad she's found something that satisfies her. I only wish I could.

A funny thing happened today. I got a call from Mr. Kenny Hammonds. I haven't heard from him since Thanksgiving Eve. It always nice to hear his voice. But there was more to our conversation than usual. We really had a rather pleasant conversation without all the breaks of silence where neither of us had anything to say. Our relationship has finally gotten to the point past sex and before the real need and caring starts. Funny that it took so long to get to this point and now I'm ready for it to end. I don't think it will or should go any further than this. I still care for him deeply, but there is nothing left for the 2 of us to build upon.

Besides I'm getting to be a different

person all over again, and I don't know if there's room in my life for him or anyone else who's not willing to share and grow with me. It seems so hard sometimes, yet I know it's so simple. Once you've let people in your life you stick by them to the very end. All those who aren't willing to cheer you on or help in some way, you place on the sidelines until your life once again permits room for them; if indeed it ever does again.

Next year is a new year and maybe it's time that I started getting ready to put new and more meaningful people into my life. Say, where the hell are they. Certainly not in this city?

Dear Me, Today is just another day. Jan 6, 1988

It is a new year and still there are ever changing times. There is so much on my mind tonight I don't know where to begin. I guess I could start off by reiterating some of the things that bothered me all last year. My relationship with people at work, my lack of privacy at home, and those people who I call my friends. Then there's my so called sex life - of which I have none at the moment. All of which interact and form the thing called life. Those things are really, at most times pretty constant. That is, always shaky - at least from my point of view.

The one thing that I can say that the new year has brought, is a stronger desire than ever to achieve things. To start back to school, to move out on my own, to be financially independent. To free myself of all feeling of guilt or shame that may be harboring somewhere in remote corners of my mind. All of these things will be priority on my mental list and hopefully I can start on all of them and finish most

by the end of the year.

I've been in ~~the~~ a sexual drought, which is probably doing me some good. I'm learning to deal with it with the help of my hands and ~~my~~ imagination. If I can just get out on my ~~mind~~ own, (how many times have I said this!) I can get my thoughts in line and get something done.

I feel like I'm on the right road as far as careers are concerned, yet there is so much got for me to learn and see and do. I'm trying very hard to get myself motivated ~~to~~ at my present job - and make things roll right and as smoothly as possible.

Dear Trac,

1/12/88

Today was one of those days. Not a bad one, and not a particularly good one, but none-the less productive. The day started out as usual - me meandering around from department to department getting different things done in each and at other times totally goofing off. But that's not why I'm taking my time out to sit here and collect my thoughts on paper. The reason is friendship - vs - progression. My problem is I'm at a point where I'm ready to sever all my ties with some of the people here that I "call" my friends. The reason being is for progression. I'm ready to move forwards and upwards. The trouble is, I can't do that and accomplish my career goals. So either I must concentrate on honing my skills or remain stagnant with the people I call friends.

My biggest mistake was frequenting the home of Allyson and Kelvan. We know them both for a long time and I've

Henry Tree.

always kept my distance. Until recently. Desperately seeking someone to take care of my hair, I let Ulysses cut and perm it twice, of which neither time was I totally satisfied. The look I want he can't give it to me at his house, not even if he were in a Salon. Not that he doesn't have the talent - but for the simple fact that he want go back to school and get the proper training he needs. That is the one thing that stands between him and fame. Plus he street smarts and pride. There may be hard feelings on his part and I can't blame him, but that is life and it is my hair. I know I owe him a lot and that's the part that kills me. I think the best thing to do is to tell him the truth and let it go at that. Honesty will have to be my policy for this year. If he's a true friend he'll understand, if not I'll be "noble" and let it go at that. I hope he'll agree to do it again if I'm not satisfied with what Mattie I'd let does. Mattie's the owner of his fashion beauty salon across from Belk. She's a class lady and I like her

and her salon. She's very up-front and professional - a real Stand Up Lady (I think).

Enough about that - now let me tell you about my weekend. Friday and Saturday I stayed around the house and did nothing, it was an enjoyable quite one in. Sunday, I spent the day (most of it) in Church and I have to tell you, it was quite fufilling. The feelings I used to feel as a teen, when I really realized the Lord's presence all came back. I want very much to become involved in the church, but I want it to be the Lord working through me and not my Mother's, Father's or anyone else's decision. I want it to be a mutual agreement between the Lord and I. My faith has not dwendled - quite the contrary my sense of his presence has. I feel him move through me, through my family, through others and I fear him. That disturbs me. I feel very akward fearing a "God" who is all and everything wonderful and loving. One thing this year will mean to me is growing closer to the hem of his garment.

Dear Father,

Sometimes I wish we were closer, then I realize the only way will be much closer is in death for me. The afterlife. On that I can wait. As for that wish..... I stopped to examine my life, and I realized that you are truly evident in it. There is not one day that you don't make your presence known. When I wake in the morning after having slept 9 hrs at night, and countless other ways. One thing is for certain, with you, all things can be done. That's why when I'm down and feeling alone, I know that you feel that pain and anger I feel, you know what causes my grief and anguish and I feel OK just knowing that you are near.

I'm on a road now, a road to find the parts of my life I let slip away. The parts with who without I will not be whole. Some of my compassion for my fellow man, Some of the knowledge of my Creator, and part of my soul I nearly sold to know what it is to be loved.

Dear Hallie,

I realize now ~~that~~ there is an air of urgency in the community of which I am a part of - (Black Gay men + women) The urgency is about caring and nurturing for one another. We are under seige by an invader that thrives on ignorance If we are not aware then this virus ~~takes~~ hold and destroys so much more than just the life the flows through or veins. It takes great endurance understanding and courage to deal with the way the virus destroys our bodies, those of our loved ones and friends and in some instances or minds.

We can empower ourselves if we stop and look @ the beauty and diversity that makes us such beautiful brothers and sisters. Now is the time to come together finding common ground to unite upon in the fight against this deadly virus Hopefully through our bonds forge[illegible] fight against this causless invader [illegible] better our realtionship as friend[illegible] Lovers, brothers and sisters.

Coming together in this life [illegible] better our understanding [illegible] next. When I reach the [illegible] tion I want to see [illegible] sisters on the oth[illegible]

with the Love I long so dearly to give to them in this life.

December 06, 1991

O.K. - I'm in the midst of so many different states of mind it's hard to tell what I'm feeling most of the time. What's even more phenomenal about the whole situation is I'm having difficulty find the time or energy to record my thoughts. Except intermittently like now. There are times when I should be making sure that the events that occur are recorded because life is happening all around me and with me. With each passing day I learn of another friend or acquaintance that is diagnosed with either HIV or has died due to complications from the disease or lack of adequate medical care. It pains me so - but it's rare when I show it. My emotions are so controlled. I'm not as spontaneous in that area as I have been in the past. I like the new me or shall I say the evolution of myself. But I'm more aware and with that comes more responsibility. I couldn't very well be aware and not be affected by the cry

ch men
ing black men
ally)
ed lovers

unheard by my brothers for a listening ear, a warm heart and safe harbour.

I haven't seen John all week and I miss him. I can't quite put my finger on what intrigues me most about him. I do not that experimenting, and exploring with him sexually intrigues the fuck out of me. Sex, in some cases, breaks down a lot of walls and barriers. You become more familiar with each other and those intimate details that make up a large part of who you are. I can see for miles into Johns desire, and that has me burning with anticipation. The places we can go together, and the knowledge we will acquire from one another. Unexplored and unhibited ecstacy. John has the largest dick of any man I've ever been involved with and @ this age that just adds to my anticipation. Not that I'm a size queen mind you. But this organ just happ to be attached to young man I'm beginning to care for.

The need for comitment is so severe to me, yet it seems my sex drive is @ an all time high. I'm constantly horny, everywhere I go everywhere I look black men, white men, jews and gentiles are turning me on.

December 10th 1991 2:40 AM

Today was a late starting day for me, (I didnt get home until 3:00 pm this afternoon after having been @ the club all evening). Nonetheless it was rather productive. I reorganized a few things around the house and got some dishes washed - no on and no forth. I talked to John today after having missed him again around 11:00 pm Sunday night. We talked for about 45 minutes. Hearing his voice was nice and makes me feel like such a school girl.

I'm determined to give ~~it being~~ this relationship my all to make it last and sustain the both of us - all I need is for John to meet my half way. Of course my habital harniness keeps nagging the fuck out of me. We missed each other all weekend long and I almost took ~~and~~ a young man's advances seriously last night. This boy was sensual - turned me on immensely - chances are I will see him again.

I really want this relationship to work, or is it just the fact that I want to be in Love again. I still get tempted by so many other people (guys); of course this just started happening since I met John. The Devil works overtime. Always tring to destroy any sign of happiness or satis-

December 10th 1991 8:40am

faction. I will not fall prey to his trap and snares.

I think that if this relationship for some reason fails before it even gets off the ground that I will just stop for a while to re-evaluate me and my life to see what the fuck is going on. Get me in shape - ~~psychical~~ ~~psy~~ physically, mentally, and spirtually and go from there. I hope I want be so out of it, that I'm out @ the club constant looking for another victim to devour. That seems to be exactly what I do to the guys I'm involved with is devour them.

Tony 91

Lanie — Whatever is in the heart is on the tongue
Maryan is out of the mouth
↳ about the family potrayed in 29th Street

Q

December 16, 1991

As the holiday draws closer my only wish is to be with my family and share in their joy, love in their warmth and Love. It's the only thing I know I can depend upon. Relations come and go and friends are sometimes like the weather but family is forever and for always.

December 28th early Sat morning

I'm back @ work after an especially pleasant Christmas and 5 days off from both jobs. I'm dragging a little and have developed somewhat of a headache. But overall, I'm blessed. The holiday turned out to be so nice. It felt so good to be able to give the kids and the family gifts after not having been able to do so in 2 years. It was very peaceful and we were all there except for Bradford who's in Germany. I was so glad that my only wish for Christmas came true — to be with my family. Faith itself is indeed a blessing.

I've been thinking about next year and what the future holds. I

December 15, 1991

Are you a registered voter?
Are you currently seeing someone or involved with anyone on an ongoing basis?
Is it a sexual relationship?
What are your intentions for me? Are they strictly of a sexual nature?

Shall I say what I plan for me in the future? As usual, I'm having problems pinpointing exactly what it is I want to do and getting it done. Hopefully next year and college will dispell some of my indicisiveness and procrastinating nature. That part of my life I feel will just happen to fall in place. I know that I'm talented but that with time all things will come to me, through hard work and determination. I will always have people with whom I can socialize that is a given. As for the romantic part that worries me. Trevor spent the morning with me after the club closed Friday morning/Thursday night. We fooled around almost to the point of intercourse. Thank goodness it never happened. I told him to never expect that again. Friends is all we can ever be. He also helped me to realize that it just takes time to get over a relationship. Namely mine with Kenny. And maybe it's possible I'm trying to hard too soon to be over it.

Feb 07/92

Dear Father,

Again I find myself filled with so much emotion, that I'm forced to again come here to seek some comfort.

(DAQ) The Chapter (Delta) had its very first smoker tonight. It left me with a sense of ~~what~~ I can't describe any better than infancy. Our theme was the "Creation". It was a great feeling. With only one potential in attendance we presented our program and gave our best performance. We put out so much for one person - yet I feel as if though it was worth all our preparation. My heart was full. I feel very strongly about this Organization and its potential. In spite of its little short comings it's a definite asset in my life.

It look as if though it's been my time for attention again. I've met several young men that I like in the past few months. All of whom seem to be very fond of me. Enough so that they are all talking about serious involvement for the most part. "Jon" is from New York by way of Tampa by way of Arizona, by way of the military. He is truly a genuinely handsome young man with so much to offer. Our conversations are

sometimes enough to get me off. He's a serious thinker and somewhat analytical as am I. I recently revealed to him my attraction to him, yet its not of a sexual content. He was a bit hurt by that, but for whatever reasons that's what I was feeling @ the time. I hope I haven't closed my chances on a long lasting relationship. Then there's Randy from the Carolinas (North or South) and Scott Wilson - make up artist Stylist - ex drag Queen. I met Randy @ work (underground Suites). Scott is someone I've had my eye on for quite some time. I finally got an introduction on the 20th Jan. after the fraternity participated in the march that monday. Mark (anderson) pulled him into ICE (on fence) while we sat waiting on our chicken. He ended up @ my house after a drunken Birthday celebration @ Loretta's. He's a gorgeous young man with so many problems. I feel a need to nurture him. I like his company and his Lady.

July 8, 1992

And now I breathe a sigh of relief - Something has gotten through all the years of armor like guilt around my heart.
Now I proceed on with much appreciation for the young man that showed me I too can still be touched.

Ray - like a beam of sunshine he came giving with passion to know
taking with a naivete that was bewildering
Tender and sweet shy and mysterious

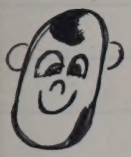
Instead of being crushed and emotionally wrought, I've found a comfortable spot to place my 6 days abouts with this young man. After all he is responsible for giving me the answer to a question I have wondered about for quite some time. I can still love.

July 09, 1992

O.K. - I'm very close to a feeling that is uncomfortable. The feeling that there is no one out there for me. I know that there is - it's just a matter of tapping into all that I am. Realizing that my self-worth has to be appreciated by me first before it emenates out to others.

July 09, 1992

December 11th 1992



Funny how emotion feelings, those things we all often don't like to confront. Yet are the very things that give us our personality our creativeness. Those things that make us interesting individuals. They bring about the most profound events in our life. Falling in Love, writing your first novel, falling in Love again, getting a pet, making friends, taking trips, getting jobs, getting fired, and rediscovering oneself.

Ejercicios 1 # 1 - 1993

4

December 11 1992 (1)

I didn't want him to see me like that
In a state of total bewilderment
with none of my faculties functioning
properly.
How could I possibly say no or even
pretend not to be interested in someone
so hell bent on using me.
The Devil must put in 24 hours of overtime
every other day - the dirty bastard whispered
in mutherfucking ear to stop by unannounced
a my very weakest hours in years
So I let him knock and knock and
knock I knew if I opened the door all
would be lost
His invitation, although quite vulgar
in content - no matter how he sugar
coated them, always had a sense of
urgency to use
He must be one of Satans pawns, a
member of his fold a demigod of sorts
I sat there on that straight from the 60's
Couch and I thought, hurriedly and erratically
but I thought
What the hell I am supposed to do in
a situation like this

December 11, 1992 (2)

I came to the only logical explanation

A man with a ego that needed feeding like this beast should be dealt with like all beast who think for things they should not have

He should be tempted, toyed with and kept hungry.

I waited until he got into his car and was about to pull away and started for the door.

I yanked of f my drawers tossing them aside turned on the porch light to alert him to my timely arrival, let my robe fall gently open as I grasped the door knob in one hand and my crotch in the other

~~Waving my hand through my tattered screen door~~

Releasing my grip on my dick I gesture through the tattered screen door, not waiting any time I push it with my foot and move towards the car. This can be the friend or enemy in retention such as there

December 11, 1992

(3)

From the screen door to his car took exactly 7 1/2 steps - long steps

As the hot humid air vibrated around me it stirred a reaction under my robe
Pulling it a little closer to my person I reached around with one arm and had the sash neatly tied at the waist exposing lots of nectar colored flesh, young and tender but with lots of mileage. ~~Just~~.
Just as he opened his door, ~~and~~ the light in the car came on and exposed the beast he truly is
Dark as the sand on black beaches, eyes bright and set deep in his head hairline receding ~~and~~ in the middle with the sides coming together like points or shall we say horns Lips full ~~a~~ voluptuous ~~with pleasure seeping~~ wreaking of pleasure

with specks of gray

Quickly you bitch dont let him out of that car.
I had the ~~to~~ top of the door in the palm of my hand before I knew it
With a click it connected metal against metal it was closed
Looking over ~~the top~~ of the car seeing my reflection in the red paint job was doing

December 15, 1972

From the screen door to his car took
exactly 2½ steps – long steps

In the hot humid air vibrated around me
it stirred a reaction under my robe
falling it a little close to my person I
reached around with one arm and had the
dash matter till at the worst Spanning lots
of rectan colored flesh, young and tender
but with lots of mileage.
Just as he opened his door the light
in the car came on and exposed the heart he
truly is

Lurch on the pond on flesh [illegible], eyes
bright and set deep in his head hairline receding
in the middle with the side coming together
like points or [illegible] we pay [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
of pleasure

with [illegible] [illegible]

Quickly you listed don't let him out of that
car.
I feel the top of the door in the palm
of my hand the [illegible] [illegible]
With a click it connected metal against metal
it was closed
Looking over the top of the car seeing my
reflection in the red paint [illegible] [illegible]

things to me I did not like
His finger jolted me back ~~into~~ into the
battle ground @ hand
My body was electrified from that finger
He slid it down to the point I had laid
the sash
"I was just about to leave," "I thought you
weren't here."
Sliding down to a squatting position, I was semi-
erect by the time we reached eye level
My dick seemed to drop between my legs and
the fold in my rob with a loud thud
He licked his lips as he caught a glimpse of precum
oozing ~~from~~ forth
"I was in the process of masturbating", "if I may use
that as an excuse for not opening the door."
"No", "you cant", he replied and inserted his middle
finger into my mouth
Taking an ~~long~~ elongated ~~grasp~~ grasp on the demon
claw, I fought back an erection and let it
slide from my mouth.
As it ~~I made a~~ slopped out of my mouth I wheeled myself
yet again back into battle.
Our eyes meet with recognition of the
others passion.
~~O.K. since I can't use~~
"Why don't you just tell me why you've
dropped by unannounced!" tring my

thing to me & did not like
Lily finger jolted me back ~~[illegible]~~ into the
battle ground @ hand
My body was electrified from that finger
He did it down to the point & had laid
his plan
I was first about to leave & thought you
were here."
Sliding down to a sprawling position, I was [illegible]
erect by the time he attached on [illegible]
My [illegible] seemed to drop [illegible] my legs and
the [illegible] in my [illegible] with a [illegible]
He [illegible] his legs & [illegible] a [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] forth
I was in the process of [illegible], "if I may see
that as an [illegible] for not [illegible] the door"
He "[illegible] can't," he replied and [illegible] his middle
finger into my mouth
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] on the [illegible]
[illegible], I fought back an erection and let it
[illegible] from my mouth
[illegible] [illegible] of my mouth & [illegible]
[illegible] again [illegible] into [illegible]
Our eyes meet with recognition of the
other passion
~~[illegible]~~
Why don't you just tell me why you're
[illegible] by [illegible]!" [illegible]

damndest to sound more irritated than excited.
"Like you don't already know!" he shot back swiftly while letting his car seat back as far as it would go. As I leaned into the window of the car, he opened his legs giving me an excellent view of his dick down the left side of his jeans.
"Um Hum" slyly looking from crotch to his eyes. "I want you to say it." "I want to hear it, I replied seductively."
"You like that kind of shit, don't you?"
Pulling my robe together to hide all exposed flesh I start to rise and turn as if to leave.
With a look of disgust @ his unwillingness to prolong the seduction.
"Oh now you wanna act like a BITCH!
I stopped in my tracks pulling the robe close to my body so that the shape of my buns could be seen every in the fading light.
"You know I came to fuck that ass!"
Moving slowly I close my eyes and grasp my now throbbing dick in my hand. Starting the 7½ steps into 15 I reach my front door.

January 26th 94

Just days before my 29th Birthday and I feel like taking a look @ where I am. That always seems to be a big thing with me "My here and now" & think it says something about my personality. What? Good question, I'll analyze it later.

Firstly spiritually I'm in better state than I've ever been, in need of some spiritual food, which is almost always. There is little room for complaints here except for getting to services regularly. Mentally my mind stays alert, responding to all that stimulates it. My best asset being a creative entirety for nature.

Feb 13, 1994

I wonder where we are before we got there
Where is then before it becomes now
These stages of transition, from one level of
consciousness to another level of awareness
Taking into consideration the cefelyn we struggle
to comprehend is inevitable
A key in the process of living, what doors open
for understanding are accomplished through an open mind

Feb 1 1994

Having on several occassions gambled with my own life as well as that of others, I feel as though I may have lost.

2/20/94 Sunday Monday

I've been having a real problem with where I am. Where I am as far as my feelings for you. I want you dead, I don't feel like you deserve to live. ~~God that~~ What gives me the right to even think like that!? & me who the Fuck did I think I am! I don't like feeling like this @ all. It's such an eerie feeling, to know you wish another person were dead.

I'm probably trying to get over you, wholly and totally, to quickly. I want my thoughts to be mine. I want them to be creative and productive. I don't want them to be of my character discussion of Kenny Hammond. I want my head back out in the starsphere. Chilling on clouds, getting high on exteriority communing with my brothers and sisters on ~~to~~ [illegible] a brighter plane.

I know that we will never be lovers (if we ever really were) again. I would never try to reestablish anything with you again. We cause each other to much pain. I think that has something to do with

Let's not forget about Mr. Rick. I still see his face peering through my screen door in desperation. He wanted Kenny so bad - so he got him. And all those things that went along with having him. I wonder if that bitch ever learned anything from this whole ordeal.

I kick you
ut, you steal
romme - you
walk out on
our own, and
all backasking
r your things
ike I was
olding them
ostage

my undying need to **know** and **verbalize**. And your desire to create something different out of what you are. Which is frustrating because you don't like being homosexual, gay, a fag, a queer, a sissy, a punk, a queen, a boy who sucks dicks ~~[illegible]~~ eats asses, fucks boys in the ass, gets fucked in the ass, ~~etc~~ ticks a mean toe, etc.

I often think that the largest problem, excuse me, not the largest problem we had, but the thing that contributed the most to the already shaky foundation of our "relationship was that we were not "girlfriends".

Lying awake @ night a lot the time I would be thinking of ways to contact you with no one knowing. Of course there is no way. The safest way is through a letter. I don't want to see you again for quite some time. I don't want to talk to you for quite some time longer. But read you thoughts from paper in right up my alley. Either other way would cause me too much discomfort.

If anything James says is true. I don't ever want you calling me, and hang up in your face. Please do not come by, because I will not let you in. And if you want to send me something make it something I can use money!

Please fill out a change of address form and send it to the post office so that your mail doesn't come here. Thanks so much for using the MCI number after you walked out. This will probably be the last time I'll know where to write to you. Hope your birthday is a blast, be safe, be careful and cautious. And most of all be real, talk about it! We are all created in the image of God, all God like creatures are we.

Love Tony

I've lost my mind but I AIN'T CRAZY.

2/22/94

When we take the time to sit back and reflect upon the past, observe the now, and ponder the future, we are @ an advantage. That advantage being we have time to catch things that have been wrong, that ~~could go~~ are wrong, and possibly learn from the previous, and catch things that could go wrong.

A perfect example would be a relationship. From its inception to its demise. We may not always be able to catch everything that goes wrong during, yet when we reminisce, we can see the problem well.

April 12, 94

I've been in the hospital for 6 days now. Today I'm getting ready for surgery (sinus drain), so I'm a little bit uncomfortable about the whole situation. I talked to Mom and she told me to claim it, call it forth a successful surgery and recovery. That made me feel so much better. At this point there's nothing to do but call it forth and prepare myself for my return here to stay in my recovery.

April 15, 1994

Well today is Friday and there talk of me leaving this afternoon or Saturday morning. I feel a whole lot better and I can feel the changes in my body. I truly would not want to leave here if I didn't feel I was ~~[illegible]~~ well enough to warrant discharge.

The doctor (DuBois) and his nurse Mary came in on Thursday and confirmed ~~[illegible]~~ what I felt was the truth. I am HIV positive. He also gave me a lot of jargon about being a transmitter or carrier and

202 371-8996 Willie Brownsard

what excellent chances I had of surviving and leading a normal life (normal as in terms of Lenapte). Aside from him being a bigot and condescending, he was a halfway decent doctor.

My attitude towards this whole ordeal is rather mixed. I realize that this will mean some changes in my lifestyle. None will be very dramatic, most things that I need to be doing ~~the~~ I put into practice a long time ago! Changes in diet, exercise, and spiritual development.

12/18/94

Yes, of course I think of him now and again.

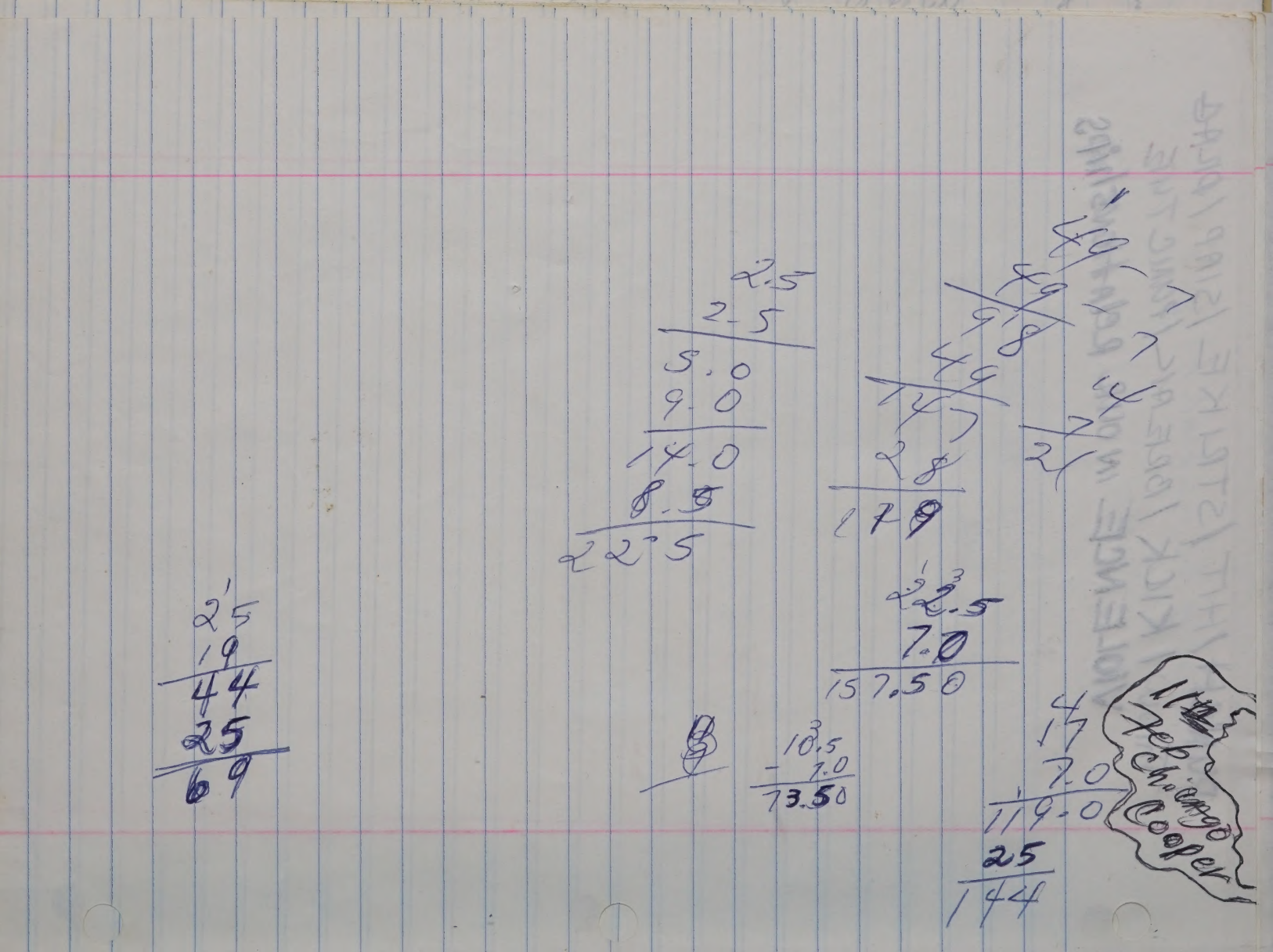
And in those hours when my thoughts are constantly invaded by his presence, I feel comfortable in accepting that he's thinking of me as well. That's the safest explanation I have for the regular occurrence of these thoughts.

I WANNA be as blak AS YOU

95

BLAK seemed to be the most elusive of dreams he'd ever sought

PUNCH / HIT / STRIKE / SLAP / DRAG
Throw / KICK / BREAK / PUNCTUE
VIOLENCE IN OUR Relationships



2.5
2.5
5.0
9.0
14.0
8.5
22.5

49
49
98
49
147
28
119

49
7
14
7
21

22.5
7.0
157.50

10.5
− 7.0
73.50

25
19
44
25
69

17
7.0
119.0
25
144

11th Feb Chicago Cooper

[redacted]

my last wishes
ONE MAN'S last wishes
he leaves in the hands
of his Lover

DEC 13, 94

You say, I'm sorry, you've proclaimed your Love for me [redacted] on all the occassions you possibly could. And not once did I ever feel [redacted] you said things that you did not mean.

On the occassion of my parents 40th wedding anniversary; after all the speeches had been made and my parents had been lauded with all the praises possible, the family gathered around Mom & Dad and everyone had a chance to say a few words. You looked so handsome and spoke so clearly, no signs of [redacted] jitter or uncertainty about what you were saying. "May Jah continue to bless you for the many [redacted] you have bestowed upon us all," "Asé," and let me personally thank you for giving life and guidance to a young man who constanly makes my life [redacted], brighter, my spirit freer, my mind expand and my soul rich. "Jony", you are my morning star, and I Love you now and until then. Asé. I was floored, not so much by what you said, but how you said what you said. Tears welled up in my eyes

with joy and pride. as the words sunk into me, rolled over my like a ~~brisk~~ downpour of spring rain. ~~I am yours~~ We are bonded my brother, connected by need and wrapped in a ~~mutual~~ shared passion to know the other.

~~[illegible] together have been~~

Dear Mark,

I'm writing this letter in an attempt to let you in on what I'm feeling. "Who I am", is probably a better description. We all change, some of us more often than others. I think that you and I probably have neck and neck as far as changes go. We change according to our wants, needs and desires. Other things also influence us to change, environment, friends, family and yes Lovers.

The road that has brought us here for me is quite painful. However, I am a big boy and time will heal all things. I must tell you that I have spent a great deal of time thinking about the situation that occured between you and Kenny. I've asked for advice from everyone I hold dear. I came to the one and only conclusion I possibly could.

Mark, as far as friends and friendship goes, I placed you very high on both list. This situation I think has been a test. A test to see if I practice what I preach. There is no one to blame. I still Love you dearly.

Dear Mark,

By writing this letter
in an attempt to let you in on
what I'm feeling. "Who I am" is probably
a better description. We all change, some
of us more often than others. I think
that you and I probably have rock and
rock as far as changes go. We change
according to our events, rocks and desires.
Other things also influence us to change,
environment, friends, family and fee
lovers.

The road that has brought us here
for me is quite painful. However, I am a
long boy and time will heal all things. I must
tell you that I have spent a great deal of time
thinking about the situation that occurred
between you and Kenny. We asked for
advice from everyone I told dear. I came to
the one and only conclusion I possibly could.
Mark, as far as friends and friendship
goes, I placed you very high on both list. His
situation I think has been a test. A test to
see if I practice what I preach. Here a no
one to blame. I still love you clearly.

But something occured to me, just the other day. You had to have thought about the consequences of your actions. You had to @ least considered the possibility that I would be adversely affected by your actions. (Please, keep in mind that you can sleep with whom you choose including Mr. Hammond without consulting me or asking my permission.) You said, "it just happened", you were drunk or under the influence of some other substance, I say, "don't make excuses. Perhaps you had other motives, I really don't know. I'm willing to listen.

Realistically speaking I think that we are @ 2 totaly differently places. Places too far away to be of any consequence to the ~~other~~.

I sincerely felt that this did not make a difference, when you told me in your apartment on Hollowe'en. I think I was in shock. Then my mind began to race. What the fuck is going on?! Shit this ain't happening. Is this bitch deciding to repay me for Prince? Is she trying to undo me? What?!

I was perplexed, and as I sat and tried to sort out what I was thinking. Then before I had a chance to gather myself together, you got up, crossed the room and touched me. Violated my personal space, and touched me. The last thing I needed was to be touched, especially by you.
I truely felt that you needed to feel that I was not holding a grudge against you.
I WASN'T.
I felt your need to be heard, your desire to be understood, the pull for the touch of a familiar friend.
You were drunk and your emotions attached me with a familiar force and rawness.
I climbed out on a limb and endured the revolting feel of your touch.
Having enough intuition to know that any other reaction would make our possibilities of holding on to one another even slimer.
Perhaps I should have went home after leaving your house.
Maybe I was hoping to see Kenny out in our tramping.
Then I could confront the both of you

together. Then I could be so hurt and fucked up inside, that I would feel just like I usually do whenever this man has entered or exited my life.
A constant feeling of incompleteness.
My brothers, they waste my time, exhaust my love, try my patience, and try like hell to wear my spirit down.
Yes, I am but a man and hurt just like everyone else.
But it is because I am a man that I shall endure.
The night, as it progressed, only added insult to injury.
I watched you as I have watched you before, extremely drunk, live and celebrate.
Through all the cocktails and celebration and I could still sense your pain, feel your anguish and stand in your corner to testify to your loss.
By the time you dropped me off, at my insistence, early that morning. I knew in spite of all the Love I feel for you, and all the fantasies I had for us and the future. Our relationship was coming to a close.